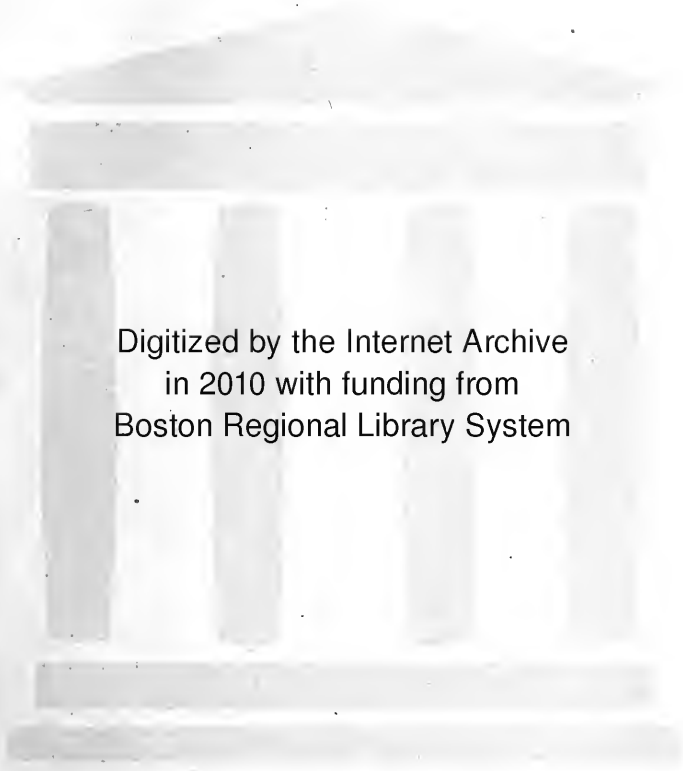


Martha

Elizabeth

Clapp

In Memoriam



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M. E. Clapp

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In Memoriam

Martha E. Clapp



Born December 28, 1834
Died September 28, 1901



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Passages of Scripture Read and
Remarks made by

Rev. D. W. Waldron

at the funeral of

Miss Martha E. Clapp

October 1, 1901.

We have gathered here to pay our tribute of respect to a faithful Christian woman. Martha E. Clapp walked with God, and he has taken her to himself. By her faith in Christ and long-continued service among the poor she constantly drew nearer to God until she passed into his joyful presence. It is fitting that we should open the service of this hour by singing these stanzas :—

“Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

“Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

“Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!”

Scripture Readings by Rev. D. W. Waldron

Death casts its heaviest shadow over the home. We gather where our friend had lived many years, not only to pay our tribute of respect to her memory, but also to sympathize with the bereaved. It is fitting that we turn to the Bible for comfort.

Let me, first of all, present to you Scripture salutations: "Peace be to this house" (Luke x. 5). "Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans i. 7).

Many Christians pass through tribulation to glory, and find it possible to rejoice even in suffering. The apostle suggests this in the following passage, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you, which cometh upon you to prove you, as though a strange thing happened unto you: but inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice; that at the revelation of his glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy" (1 Peter iv. 12-14).

When I heard of the departure of our friend one passage came unbidden to my mind, which I will read: "Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she fell sick, and died: and when they had washed her, they laid her in an upper chamber. And as Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, the disciples, hearing that Peter was there, sent

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two men unto him, intreating him, Delay not to come to us. And Peter arose and went with them. And when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber : and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them " (Acts ix. 36-39).

I invite your attention to two more Scripture selections that set forth the blessedness into which Christians enter at death: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Revelation vii. 14-17). "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" (Revelation xiv. 13).



Remarks.

This is not the first time friends have gathered in this home because death had removed from it those beloved. Father, mother and children have been called to the heavenly mansions.

Two brothers survive the sister who has recently left us.

Many years ago Miss Clapp consecrated her life to the Saviour, and became a member of the Park Street Church. She afterwards united with the Central Church, having been appointed a city missionary in the district assigned to that church.

Miss Clapp entered the service of the City Missionary Society March 1, 1864, and continued her wise and efficient labors until November 1, 1880,—a period of nearly sixteen years. Common sense and good judgment characterized her ministries to the poor. In the last letter I received from her she spoke of having secured a share in certain Trust Funds for a widow who for a long time had held a place in her sympathies. Largely through the influence of our friend, all in whom she had been interested are passing their days in comparative comfort,—her last effort being to secure regular aid for a poor widow, that she might not be compelled to labor quite so hard in her advancing years.

Remarks by Rev. D. W. Waldron

I have examined with interest a book containing narratives which were written by our friend, and which appeared in the annual reports of the City Missionary Society. These tell of individual lives made better, homes established in purity and righteousness, and families gathered into the fold of Christ. If time allowed, it would be interesting to read the stories, which are the acts of an apostle in these later times.

I hold in my hand a letter received by Miss Clapp when she retired from city mission work. It was written by Mr. Andrew Cushing, then Superintendent of the City Missionary Society, in which he speaks of the regret of that organization that filial duties compelled her to close her labors as a missionary; and gives the testimony that no act on her part while a visitor among the poor had ever caused him or the society anxiety.

After the fire in November, 1873, our friend was among the number chosen to give relief to families who had suffered the loss of their earthly goods. At the personal solicitation of the President of the Associated Charities she was its first visitor, and to her honor be it said that her interest in the first family she visited continued to the time of her death.

In my two interviews with her during the past few days, I found her faith in Christ strong, and her hope bright. She expressed regret that she was to leave earthly friends, and especially one who had been to her for a

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score of years like a sister and companion, but she said, "Oh, think of the friends waiting for me in the heavenly world!"

Not long before her departure it was discovered that she was repeating the words contained in the fourteenth verse of the twenty-seventh psalm, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

She desired that there should be nothing sad about the service we are holding to-day. We are sorrowful for ourselves, not for her. This is a time of rejoicing for our friend. She has come to her coronation day, and is satisfied to be in the presence of her risen and ascended Lord. Let us not think of her as lost, but rather as gone before, saved to the joys of God's everlasting kingdom. You stand upon yonder wharf. A ship with its living cargo sets sail. You watch its going out. It soon disappears from your vision. It is gone, but it is not lost. The sun is setting in the western sky. You watch its radiance as its glories disappear from view. Its light is soon withdrawn from our world, but it is shining on other realms. The sun is gone, but it is not lost. So our friend is gone from the frail body, the limitations of earth, the labors and afflictions of this world, but she is not lost. Nay, rather, she is saved to the rest that remaineth for God's people; to the worship of the saints in light; to reunion where death-divided friends meet to

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part no more; to the Saviour's presence, in which she will be forever satisfied.

After prayer, all present united in singing the following stanzas:—

“I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

“So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

The following narratives were written by Miss Clapp while she was in the service of the City Missionary Society. They illustrate the work of a city missionary, and their perusal will afford encouragement to those who are engaged in loving ministries in behalf of the poor.

Narratives by Miss Clapp.



Suffering Among the Poor in Summer.

The winter is generally supposed to be the hardest season for the poor, but I find the summer months often equally trying, and in some respects more so, to many whom I visit. Among these are widows who depend chiefly on their needle for the means of support. But little sewing can be obtained, for the families which furnish such employment are generally out of town; the benevolent societies, for the most part, withdraw their aid; with the exception of fuel, the expenses of living are about the same; and the summer, which affords recreation and relief from care to so many, becomes to this class the most unwelcome season of the year. The calls upon me for temporal aid have been as numerous during the past month (August) as in any month last winter, and mostly from American families whom I knew to be worthy. Mrs. M., a widow with two children,—one sick with brain fever,—having spent her last cent, asks, Could I assist her a little in this her extremity? Mrs. K., another widow, has just ob-

tained some sewing which promises to be comparatively remunerative, but in the meantime has nothing to live upon,—the day before was without anything to eat,—and she asks, Would I lend her a small sum till the sewing is accomplished? Mrs. R.—far worse than a widow, for her husband has proved faithless—has two beautiful children. She came to me late one Saturday night, saying she had nothing for her children on the morrow. If it had been only herself she would have borne it, but could not see her little ones go hungry. Mrs. P. is an Irish Protestant,—she cannot read,—and it is a privilege, as often as I can find time, to go in and read and pray with her. The first time I ever read to her, she remarked that it had been five years since she had heard the Bible read. She is an invalid from rheumatism, and not able to attend church. A short time since, after having spent a few moments in reading and prayer with her, as I was leaving I slipped fifty cents into her hand; when, with a face all illumined, she said: “God bless you; that will keep us over to-morrow.” (The day was Saturday.) “I had just spent my last eight cents for some potatoes, and didn’t know what we should do for something for Sunday.”

One of the hottest days I called on a poor widow, who has been in feeble health for years, with two children and an aged mother to support. She was in a very exhausted condition, working on heavy woolen’ pantaloons, which

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she was finishing at twelve and a half cents a pair ; it being the only sewing she could procure, though capable of doing the nicest work. Even this she was compelled, after a few days, to give up, as the going for and returning the heavy bundles (being obliged to ascend several long flights of stairs) was more than she could endure.

Another widow, also in very delicate health, I found finishing fine white shirts at two and a half cents apiece. By close application she could earn ten cents a day. When visited, she had neither food in the house nor money to buy any.

The father of one of the families I visit met with a serious accident. It was necessary for him to have two of his fingers amputated, which laid him aside from work for several weeks. They were very poor, and had four little children to be provided for until he was able to work again.

I am very grateful to the kind friends who so thoughtfully made provision to relieve such needy ones: To him who, from his summer home, sent me a note asking if I did not need something for the poor and sick, and inclosed a twenty-dollar bill ; to another who, being obliged to come to the city on business, called and left a bill in my hand, and giving me his summer address, said, "Write to me whenever you are in need ;" to the unknown friend who sent me a generous donation, enabling me to relieve many whom otherwise I should have

been obliged to refuse; to the lady who, on leaving the city for the summer, left an order with her grocer to supply me with ten dollars' worth of goods each month for distribution; to the friend who sent me at different times a large basket of luscious peaches, which were distributed among the blind, the aged and the invalids of my district; and to many others who, on leaving the city for their summer resort to the mountains and at the seaside, were not unmindful of the needs of those less highly favored,—thus enabling me to afford relief to the sick and destitute one hundred and sixty-five times during the summer months.

Will not these acts of kindness, gratefully acknowledged, meet the approval of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me"?



Garments for the Needy.

In my work among the poor I find it a great help to have at my disposal the garments furnished by the Church Sewing Circle, and during the past year I have thus been enabled to supply the needs of many. I found one day a poor little girl, living with her father and three brothers, having been early deprived of a mother's care, needing an entire outfit, that she might

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be enabled comfortably to attend school. I was glad to be able to provide her with suitable clothing.

An aged Scotch woman, formerly in comfortable circumstances, but now very much straitened, was grateful for some articles of clothing which she much needed. Being very deaf, she is cut off from enjoying the privileges of the sanctuary; but alluding to the communion she enjoyed with her Heavenly Father in the privacy of her own room, she said, "Though I have low living, I have high thinking."

Another aged woman, also a native of Scotland, both blind and deaf, but one of the Lord's hidden ones, was found living in an upper room, in an obscure part of my district. Finding the old lady in bed, I asked, "Are you not able to sit up?" "Oh yes!" she replied; "but I remain in bed to keep warm." "Have you flannels?" I inquired. "No," she answered; "the ones I had are worn out, and I am not able to replace them." I was glad to make her more comfortable by supplying the needed articles.

I was requested to visit a family, said to be in great destitution, living in the fifth story of a large tenement house. Hidden away in one corner I found them. On entering the room, I addressed myself to an old woman I saw there; but without answering me she led me to an adjoining bedroom, where lay a young woman in bed. The person who had requested me to visit the

family had said that there was an infant there; and the mother, noticing that I looked inquiringly around,—for she could not understand me, or I her, as they were Danish,—raised a huge feather pillow by her side, revealing to my gaze twin babes fast asleep. They were but five days old, and what kept them from being smothered to death I could not understand. Their clothing was scrupulously clean, but betokened great destitution, as did that of the mother and the bed covering. I afterwards saw the husband, who spoke very good English, and learned that they had been here a few months from Copenhagen; that he had been disappointed in securing a situation which had been promised him, and for a long time was unable to procure work, which accounted for their extreme poverty. I think I never met a more grateful family as I carried garments, bedding and other supplies for the mother and babes. The only way they could give expression to their gratitude was by each taking my hand and kissing it.

“I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me,” is ample reward for all effort put forth thus for the relief of the needy and distressed.



"Helped Over Many Hard Places."

Calling on a young woman a few days ago, I was led to contrast her condition with that in which I found her ten years before. At that time she was ten or twelve years of age, the eldest of a family of five children, occupying an attic room in a tenement house in one of the roughest parts of my district. The family was wretchedly poor, chiefly owing to the intemperance of the father. The mother, a good Christian woman, often had special occasion to comfort herself by the remembrance of the scriptural declaration, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." After a short illness the father died, and it was suggested by some benevolent ladies, who had been made acquainted with the family, that they be moved to a different location, where the children would be surrounded by better influences, they, at the same time, offering to assist in paying the rent. This was done, and the improvement in the children after a very short time was marked. This was noticeable particularly in the eldest girl, the rough language and slang phrases, picked up in the old neighborhood, being gradually dropped, and her entire demeanor changed. As she grew older she evinced a taste for dressmaking, and learned the trade, in which she has become an adept. She has also "chosen that

good part," and made a public profession of her faith, and is in many things a pattern others would do well to follow. But for the missionary effort in behalf of this family, who have been followed and visited and helped over many hard places, how different might their condition and character have been to-day. I believe if families could oftener be moved out of the wretched localities in which they reside, and the extra rent involved be furnished by those who have the means, it would be a good investment, and the efforts of the missionary would not be so often fruitless.



Bible Reading.

Coming down from an attic room, where I had been visiting a poor woman with whom I had been in the habit of reading the Bible and offering prayer, the landlady, a Romanist, met me, and asked: "Have you been reading to Mrs. V.? I was going to ask if I might come up and hear you." I replied that I would be glad to go back again and read another chapter, if she would like to have me. She said that she would not trouble me to do so then, as it was near dinner time; but if I would let her know in future when I came in, she would like the privilege of coming up. Once or twice when I had called previously, I had found Mrs. V. down in the basement in

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the room occupied by this woman, and as no objection was made to my reading there, I had done so; and it was very gratifying to me to know that she had become interested enough to make such a request. Since then she has always been present; and, being unable to read herself, she leans forward and listens with rapt attention, often breaking out in expressions of wonder and admiration as I read of the miracles and teachings of the Saviour. After having engaged in prayer one day, her daughter came into the room, and her mother said to her, "Mary, you ought to have been here and got the blessing." When I have been there since, the daughter has been present, also; and at our last little meeting the husband was in the entry listening. She now attends my mothers' meeting, and seems deeply interested, anxious to know more and more of the Word of God. That a blessing may indeed come to herself and household through the reading of the Scriptures is my earnest prayer.



Work among Children.

It is about twelve years since my attention was called to a girl living with a family who had taken her from an institution, promising to send her to school, and care for her as for one of their own children; but this they had failed to do. She had been with them a year, and had

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neither attended day school, Sunday school nor church, but was made a drudge for the family, and compelled to go out on the street to sell papers. I felt that she ought to be placed under better influences, and I was able to make arrangements for her admission to a training school. About this time she became a member of my Sunday school class, and soon became a Christian. It was a thorough consecration, and from that moment the language of her heart has been, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" After leaving the training school she filled several important positions acceptably, but her aspirations were for mission work among the lowly. A Christian lady, made aware of her desire, offered to bear the expense of a course of study at a school for training Christian workers. She entered with great gladness of heart, just finished her course, and the first of January received an appointment as missionary among the colored people of the South, her chosen field. In a letter received from her recently she writes: "I wonder what might have become of me had I never seen you. Oh, what a changed life!"

A poor woman, with a large family of children, often promised me that she would send them to Sunday school as soon as she could clothe them suitably. Weeks passed on, and still they did not come, when I learned that they were staying away from the public school, also, for want of clothing. The father was intemperate, and with her utmost efforts the mother was unable to supply their

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wants. I soon interested others in them, and in a short time they were clothed and brought into public and Sunday school. They have attended ever since, and the eldest child recently united with the church.

Two years ago I became interested in a family of children who played on the street all day on the Sabbath. Their father bitterly opposed their going to Sunday school; but after much persuasion he consented, and they have since attended regularly. A short time ago his eldest child, a bright girl of fourteen years, became a Christian.

Another family, in which there were eight children, was visited from time to time, and, finding them very destitute, we furnished them with clothing. They now attend Sunday school constantly. The eldest child has become a Christian, and united with the church. The father, who used to spend his money in drink, is a sober man, and, with his wife and children, attends church and Sunday school.



The Spiritualist Lyceum or the Sabbath School.

About ten years ago while calling on families connected with our chapel, that I might better acquaint myself with their spiritual and temporal condition, I entered, for the first time, the home of Mrs. G.

"Your little girl attends our Sunday school," I said to her, "and I thought I would call and see you."

"She used to," Mrs. G. replied; "but she has not been for several weeks, and does not care about going now."

"Who is her teacher?" I asked.

"I am sure I don't know; she never called to see her, and no one else connected with the school has had interest enough to call upon us. It wasn't so when I was a girl. Teachers always visited their scholars, and the children were very much attached to the school. Mary doesn't care to go any more, and I don't urge it."

"Is she attending anywhere?" I inquired.

"She goes sometimes to the Spiritualists' Lyceum of a Sunday morning, and enjoys that very much, for a great deal is done there to interest the children. I let her go just where she wants to; it doesn't make much difference, as I see."

I thought to myself, it will make a very great difference; and trying to apologize for the teacher's seeming neglect (for I know some of the most faithful teachers have little or no time for visitation), I begged the mother to send Mary back to the school.

"She can do as she pleases," was her answer; but her manner indicated such a thorough indifference, I felt there was little hope of the child's return. However, I resolved, by frequent visiting in the future, to do my utmost to win her back, and save her from the baneful influence of

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Spiritualism. The effort was not unrewarded. After a few weeks she came back, and has remained in the school ever since. In a few years she gave evidence that she had become a child of God, was given a position as teacher, and has manifested an interest in all the work of the chapel. Not long ago she asked me for the names of some of my aged and feeble people, that she might visit and read to them. She is now librarian of the Sunday school, and often renders efficient service at the piano at the hour of public worship.



Visits to Poor Saints.

Feeling a special interest in a poor sick woman whom I had often visited, I called upon her one day, though she had removed into a district remote from mine. Hearing no response as I knocked at her door, I opened it, and walked softly toward her bedside, supposing she was asleep. As I approached, she opened her eyes and gazed at me with such an earnest, surprised look, I was led to ask, "Do you not know me?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "I was just praying you might come. How strange that, just as your name was on my lips, you should come to me."

And as I looked at the desolate condition of this dear child of God, I felt glad the Lord had directed my steps hither. It was eleven o'clock, and all through the night,

and up to that late hour in the morning, she had lain in intense suffering all alone, with only a glass of water by her bedside. I soon made a fire, obtained some fresh water, and speedily gave her the much-longed-for cup of tea, which, with a small bit of bread and butter and some fruit I had brought her, was received most gratefully. But before partaking of it, she said, "I know you ought not to stay longer with me, but I want you to close the door and offer prayer before you go." When I bade her good-by, she drew me close to her, kissed me, and said, "Until that day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, you will not know how much you have comforted me."

The next day I went to see Mrs. P., an aged saint of eighty years, totally blind, and almost totally deaf. As I took her by the hand, and she learned who I was, she asked, "Did they send for you? Only a little while ago, I told them they must certainly do so." On my replying in the negative, she said, "Well, I am glad you have come." Often left alone for hours together—the care of a large family preventing her daughter from spending much time with her—she greatly prizes the visits of Christian friends; and though, on account of her deafness, it is with the greatest effort one can hold conversation or engage in prayer with her—for she is never satisfied unless prayer is offered—she seems so refreshed and so gratified, that one is well repaid for the effort.

Both of these dear saints, though deeply afflicted,

experience daily great spiritual comfort and peace. The cause of Christ is very dear to their hearts, and they always inquire after the interests of Zion; and though confined to sick rooms, I often feel that, by their earnest prayers and patient endurance, they are accomplishing a greater work for the Master than many engaged in more active services.



“Poor Whites.”

Mrs. P. is the eldest daughter of a family of “poor whites”—natives of Virginia—in whom I have become interested during the past year. Having married, at the close of the war, a soldier of one of our Massachusetts regiments, she removed to this city with him about three years ago; the remainder of the family, consisting of the mother and five children, followed soon after. I have seldom seen more bright, intelligent faces, and was greatly surprised on learning that Mrs. P. was the only one of them that could read. There was no free-school system where they had lived, and they had grown up in almost total ignorance. During the three years that Mrs. P. had lived in Boston she had not attended any religious service, until invited one evening to come to our chapel. From that time she became one of our most constant attendants. I knew it was quite an effort for her to leave home, on account of having two young children;

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and seeing her so constant, I was encouraged to believe that the Holy Spirit was applying the truth to her heart. At the close of one of our most solemn meetings I felt prompted to address her on the subject of personal religion. She was evidently awakened to a sense of her need, and deeply impressed by what she had heard. "The way has never been made so plain to me before," she said. As she at once expressed a willingness and desire to consecrate herself to the Saviour, a few of us knelt together, and commended her case to him whose ear is ever open to the prayer of the penitent. That night was to her, I trust, the beginning of a new life.

As she had no Bible when I first visited her, I supplied her with one. She afterwards told me that she never knew anything about the sufferings of Christ for sinners until she read the account in the Testament which I gave her. "Then what idea did you have of the Saviour?" I asked.

"Not much of any," she replied.

I inquired how she expected to be saved.

She then stated that in her former place of residence the nearest church was three miles distant, and that a sect called by some "Campbellites," and by others "Iron-sides," held preaching services there occasionally, but that she went so many times, and found that no service was to be held, that she discontinued going after a while. "But," said she, "the preachers that did come, and whom

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I heard, taught that if one only believed that Jesus was the Son of God, and was baptized, he would be saved ; and that was all I knew of the Saviour, until I came to your meetings, and received the Bible from you."

A younger brother, seventeen years of age, also gives satisfactory evidence of being a disciple of the Lord Jesus. One very marked proof of his conversion is his great love for the Word of God, which he has just become able to read, by attending the free evening school. "They didn't do out yonder as you do," he said to me one day ; "they used to preach a sermon sometimes, but they never came to see you, or asked whether you had a Bible or not." It has been my practice, as I have called upon the family from time to time, to read and pray with them. Sometimes I found the mother so busy that I thought it not advisable to do so ; but if this son was at home, and I arose to go, he would invariably ask, "Won't you have time to read a little?" One day, after reading from John's Gospel, he looked up and said, "I love that chapter." At another time he asked how much a pocket Bible would cost, as he would like one to carry to the shop with him. I was, of course, very glad to furnish him with one. The other members of the family are constant attendants at the chapel, and it is my hope that, through the power of the grace of God, I shall see them all eventually united to the one household of faith.

"After Many Days."

As I entered the "Tabernacle" one morning, I was addressed by a young lady, who said, "I presume you don't remember me."

"Indeed I do," I replied, immediately recognizing her as one who was a member of my Sunday school class fifteen years ago. Her family removing to a distant part of the city, it was thought best for her to attend another Sunday school nearer her home, and I very reluctantly gave her up. She was thoughtful and interested for the salvation of her soul at the time she left, and we corresponded for some months afterwards, until I finally lost trace of her. I had not met her until this morning, and the greeting was most pleasant. "Are you a Christian?" I inquired. How my heart rejoiced at her answer.

"Yes, I trust so; I have been a member of the church eight years, and have a class in the Sunday school." She added: "I have kept all the letters you wrote me; some of them were written as early as 1863, and they are as precious to me now as ever. During the meetings at the 'Tabernacle' I have been interested in many inquirers, and when I have written to them have often inclosed one of your letters, for they helped me so much I thought they would be beneficial to others."

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So the dear Lord often encourages us by the way, when we grow faint-hearted; and again the promise rings in our ears, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."



A Restored Soul.

The last day of the year was one on which I had a renewed experience of the faithfulness of God to his promise to hear the united prayer of his people.

A mother who attends our maternal meeting has presented the case of her husband for prayer from week to week, he being in the hospital, very sick with an incurable disease. She felt that he would not live long, and desired evidence that he was a child of God before he passed away. One and another carried her request with earnestness to the mercy seat.

One day one of the children came to my house, saying his father had left the hospital and wished me to call and see him. I found him very weak, almost as helpless as an infant; and, after expressing sympathy with him in his sickness, I asked him how it was with the soul,—if he thought it would be well with him if God should call him hence. I was rejoiced to hear him reply, "Yes; I believe it will." He then said that a few mornings before, he took the Bible to read a little, and opened to

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the twenty-second chapter of Luke,—the parable of the marriage of the king's son; and when he came to the verse, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" it pierced his heart as an arrow, and as he thought upon it, he realized, as never before, his utter sinfulness and helplessness; and, as he expressed it, "With one plunge, as it were, I threw myself on God's mercy." It reminded me at once of that hymn of Cowper:—

"And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

He added, "I can't tell you how happy I have been ever since; it almost seems as if I had my health again."

"It is because your soul is restored," I said, "which is of far greater consequence than that the body should be."

He further added, "Everything is so quiet and peaceful in the house, also." And yet, at the same time, the temporal condition of the family was most uncomfortable and discouraging,—they owing several weeks' rent, and the landlord pressing them; a cold wintry morning, with not a spark of fire in the house, the few cinders that had supplied the fire having burnt out while I was sitting there, so that I felt chilly, and was led to say, "You have not much fire;" and not till then was I told that it had burnt out, and there was no fuel to replenish it, and no money to buy with—neither was there nourishment for the sick man or food for the four children. One of the

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boys, who had gone to the dispensary for medicine, had borrowed shoes to wear there, having none himself ; yet there was not the least complaining or murmuring, and their condition was revealed to me only in answer to my inquiries.

What should I have done but for my "poor purse," which kind friends had supplied? How glad I was that I could supply coal, provide the sick man proper nourishment, give the rest of the family food, and furnish the boy without shoes with a pair for his own, that he need not be obliged to borrow again; while I could but look up and thank God for this added token of his renewing grace with a faith greatly strengthened, and with fresh courage as I stood on the threshold of the New Year.



Encouraging Retrospect.

A young man called upon me recently whom I had not seen for several years, he having been absent in the far West. As we sat conversing, my mind ran back eight or ten years, to the time when I first saw him. He was then a boy of about fifteen, one of a family of seven who had just come from Virginia, belonging to the class designated as "poor whites." A more wild, uncouth set I never met with; not one of them could read or write. In their former home they had no relig-

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ious advantages, and were nearly as ignorant of the way of salvation, as the heathen. The whole family were soon induced to attend our mission chapel; the younger members were introduced to the public school, and Christian friends interested themselves in the older members, who were soon taught to read. This lad of fifteen was particularly promising, and became very much interested in the Sabbath school and prayer meetings. It was not long before he was able to read the Word of God, and as he read he pondered it in his heart, and very soon gave satisfactory evidence that he had become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Circumstances making it necessary about that time for the family to remove to a town a few miles from Boston, he united with a church there, and became an active, earnest member. Occasionally he came into the city in the evening to attend our chapel, ever ready to give his testimony, and once conducted the meeting very acceptably. But business soon took him West, where he remained several years, and I heard nothing of him until this call. I found him a modest but very active Christian; and in reply to my questionings, learned that he had been a faithful worker while away, having found a large field in which to labor; and because there was no one else willing to take the position, he had been superintendent of two Sunday schools at the same time, and also took charge of two prayer meetings each

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week. He seems thoroughly consecrated to the service of the Master, and the desire of his heart for a long time has been to prepare himself to preach the gospel. He is waiting daily upon the Lord that he may be directed as to his duty in the matter. All that he is to-day he attributes to the mission effort made in his behalf years ago.



Happy Transformation.

Mr. and Mrs. W., with their four children, are among our most constant attendants upon public worship. They come from an humble, though very respectable, home, neatly dressed, their faces bearing marks of intelligence and inward peace. But it was not always thus. When I first knew them, they were living in a wretched locality among the lowest class. Some of the children were already in Sunday school, having been introduced by my predecessor in missionary labors. I invited the mother to come to church. After a little while she came occasionally, and then regularly. Her husband came once, but "didn't like the minister." Through the influence of his wife, however, he came again, and soon was so much interested that he became a constant attendant. Last spring Mr. and Mrs. W., and a dear boy of eleven years, were received into the church. At a mothers' meeting a few weeks since, Mrs. W. said that she never attended

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church regularly until I invited her. I have often felt discouraged at my want of success in this direction, but I am learning that the Master gives his servants all the encouragement that is best for them.



Labor not in Vain.

After returning home one noon, I received a call from a young lady, who, as we met, greeted me quite familiarly but whom I did not remember as ever having seen before. On my remarking that I did not recognize her, she asked if I did not recollect J. C., who used to be in my Sunday school class. On hearing the name, her features at once grew familiar, and immediately there came before my mind's eye the miserable attic in which she used to live with an intemperate mother and one sister. I remembered well how closely I was obliged to follow her up to keep her at Sunday school, and how often, when the lack of some garment was the excuse for her absence, and it would be furnished her on Saturday afternoon, Sunday would find her seat still vacant. But I knew it was the fault of the mother, who, for the most trivial excuse, would keep the child at home. When she did come, she was always well-behaved and attentive. Through the kindness of the matron at the Temporary Home a place was secured for J. in the country, since which time—a

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period of five years—I had heard nothing from her until this visit. I was exceedingly gratified at her whole appearance and manner. She said she had been in the city once since leaving, but was much disappointed in not being able to find the school, it having been removed since her connection with it. No one could doubt her interest as I told her of its prosperity. She then told me that she had given her heart to the Saviour, and, with three members of the family in which she lived, was soon to unite with the church. I could but feel encouraged by the fact, and was led to believe that there might be many other pupils once belonging to our school who, having been followed by the gracious influences of the Spirit, are now learners at the feet of Jesus.



Free Salvation.

It is now about a year since I first called upon the family of Mr. T. They had been represented to me as a worthy family, needing temporal aid. On my first visit I saw only Mrs. T. and her little boy, a bright child of eleven years. I inquired if he went to any Sunday school, and was told that he did not, but his mother said she had no objection to his going to the one I named, for his father was a Protestant, though she had been reared a Catholic. I left a card giving the location of our mission

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school, and a list of meetings held at the chapel, and expressed the hope that I should see Charlie the following Sunday. But in this I was disappointed. In the course of the week I met him on the street, and inquired why he was not at the school. He said he showed the card to his father, but he was not willing he should go. It was not many days before Mr. T. called upon me. His wife had met with a serious accident, he was still without work, and they were needing the necessities of life. After giving him all I was able from my "poor purse," I spoke of having called at his house, and, inviting his little boy to the Sunday school, I had understood that he objected to his going, and I thought perhaps he had mistaken the character of the school.

He replied, "There are so many creeds, one cannot be too particular where he sends his children, and I have not decided where to send Charlie."

I told him we taught a full and free salvation to all who would repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and invited him to come and join the fathers' class. On the next Sabbath my heart was made glad by seeing father and son at the chapel. Mr. T. was introduced into the Bible class of a faithful teacher. He was constant in his attendance; his teacher became deeply interested in him; the blessed influences of the Spirit were granted, and but a few months had elapsed before Mr. T. had sought and found peace in believing.

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Visiting his wife one day, soon after his conversion, she said, "My husband is a very good man since he went to your meetings; he will not eat, morning, noon or night, but he must pray first."

During another visit the wife was expressing a good deal of anxiety on account of their straitened circumstances, when he immediately said, "We must not be over-anxious; have faith in God; the Lord will provide."

Social gatherings are held in the chapel once a month for the Bible classes. Meeting Mr. T.'s little son on one of these evenings, I inquired if his father would be present.

"O, no," he replied, "he had rather stay at home and read his Bible; he is never tired of that; he reads every night till ten or eleven o'clock, so that mother often has to call him."

"I am very glad," I said, "and hope you are going to like it just as much."

With his face all aglow, he answered, "O, yes; I am."

May we not hope that the same Spirit that brought the father to the Saviour's feet, will lead mother and child there also?



"That Beautiful Feeling."

It is nearly ten years since, while visiting from house to house, I found, by going through a passageway in the rear of a stable, the home of Mrs. M. She, with her

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husband and a crippled daughter, comprised the household. As I became better acquainted with the family, I learned that Mr. M. was a very intemperate and profane man. On account of the infirmity of the daughter, Mrs. M. was obliged to remain constantly at home, and the life she led was secluded and sad. She gave no evidence of being a Christian, and I felt it a privilege to tell her of him who is the friend of the weary and heavy laden. She told me of an experience she had many years before in a meeting when she went forward for prayers, and such a "beautiful feeling" came into her heart, which left after a little while. I told her that the fact that the feeling left her proved that we could not depend upon our feelings, and that it was not feeling, but coming to Christ, that saves us.

I continued my visits year after year as often as practicable, bringing before her mind those passages of Scripture best suited to her case, but apparently without any lasting effect, though her heart seemed tender during our interviews, and she would invariably say, "Oh, if I could only have that beautiful feeling again, but I can't." One day after she had expressed herself in that way, I replied: "But to be a Christian you must submit your will entirely to the Lord. Now, it is his will for you to come to him just as you are; but it is your will to have just such an amount of feeling, and instead of looking to Jesus to save you, you are looking for that 'beautiful

feeling' to make you a Christian. If you really become a Christian, you must give up your will in this matter, and believe his word, and come to him, and he will save you whether you have that feeling or not." I have reason to believe the Holy Spirit's gracious influence accompanied my feeble efforts. During the past two years she has been a frequent attendant upon our chapel meetings and our mothers' class,—privileges which she had not enjoyed for years, having felt that her cares were such that it was impossible for her to go to meeting; but now, having a will, she finds a way, and no one prizes such opportunities more than she. It is a long time since she has referred to that "beautiful feeling," but none who know her can doubt she possesses that "peace which passeth all understanding."



Visits to the Sick in Extreme Destitution.

I was recently asked to visit a very poor woman who had been discharged from the City Hospital as incurable. I found her living on the very outskirts of my district, and in the last stages of consumption. A piece of an old quilt placed on the floor was her only bed, on which the sick one wearily tossed—the poor woman who had kindly offered her shelter having no better to give. Through the kindness of a friend a lounge was soon fitted up and sent to her, which made her comparatively comfortable.

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How glad I was that amid such discomfort and distressing circumstances I had something better to offer; that I could tell her of Christ, a personal Saviour and friend; and of the healing, the home and the rest, all provided for her, if she, with a penitent heart, asked forgiveness, and committed herself into his hands who died that she might live. And glad was I afterwards to hear her say, "He is in my thoughts by day and by night."

Following the outer border of my district nearly a mile, brought me to another sadly afflicted one. She, too, was sick with an incurable disease, and a great sufferer, occupying a room on the ground floor, the dampness of which had so rotted the under mattress on the bed that it had literally dropped to pieces, and the remaining one was not sufficient to protect her emaciated body from the hard bits of board substituted for the proper slats once belonging to the bedstead. It was only on inquiry that the miserable condition of the bed was revealed to me, for there was no murmuring, neither wish or intimation expressed for a more comfortable one; and yet for many months, able only to sit up for a few moments at a time, and with three children occupying the same bed with herself at night, had she endured patiently this discomfort. I was glad, through the assistance of another, to provide her at once with a comfortable bed.

"I feel as if I was in a new world," she said on my next visit.

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But in ministering to bodily comfort only one part of my mission is fulfilled. "How is it with your soul? Has peace through the forgiveness of sins been realized?" I asked.

In reply to my questioning she answered: "I don't know much about those things. I don't know how to get at it. I wish I did."

It has been my delight, through the Word of God, to unfold to this darkened mind the way of salvation, to see the light dawn upon her, and to hear her say: "I hope the Lord has forgiven me. I give myself to him every day. I ask him to strengthen me to bear my pains at night when I cannot rest, and he does—I know he does."

I cannot doubt she has entered into the experience of the psalmist,—“In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.”



Trying to Find Psalm ciii. 12.

Mrs. D. was an invalid—having been confined to her bed most of the time for more than a year. Her home was in another city, but that she might be under the care of one of our most distinguished physicians, her husband had come to Boston, and, with their only child, a winning girl of five years, they had taken a room, with board, for a few months in one of the streets of my district.

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Neither of them was a Christian. Mr. D. was inclined to be skeptical; saying, at times, that he doubted the existence of a God, for if there were one he did not believe his wife would be allowed to suffer as she did. She would reprove him as often as he expressed such a thought; but while she admitted her obligation to become a Christian, she was in the habit of pleading the inconsistencies of some professor of religion with whom she was acquainted as an excuse for her neglect of duty. She was alone most of the time with her little girl, her husband coming in from his business once or twice a day to move or raise her up, as a partial paralysis prevented her from helping herself, and I went in to sit with her as often as other duties would permit. She had no rest or ease unless under the influence of morphine, and she said if any one came in it diverted her mind, and made her feel better. I mentioned her case at the mothers' meeting, and she was earnestly remembered in prayer. Some weeks elapsed without her manifesting any special interest, though whenever I proposed to read and pray with her she always seemed pleased. She was fond of reading, and from time to time I left such books as I thought might be a help to her. Owing to other pressing engagements I had not been able to see her for about ten days, when, on going in one morning, how great was my joy, and how rebuked my lack of faith, as I found her rejoicing in the hope that her sins had

been forgiven. Her Bible lay on a stand by her bedside. I had never seen it there before. As I took it up she said: "That used to be a dull and unmeaning book, but now it seems full of interest, and just adapted to my wants. I have been trying to find the verse, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.'" I turned to the psalm in which this verse occurs, and read it to her. "Prayer is now a great privilege," said she, "and I am learning to say, 'Thy will be done.' I have been very impatient and rebellious, but now it is easier to bear my sufferings." Having found the Saviour herself, she felt very desirous that her husband might have the same joyful experience, and she felt encouraged from the fact that he had given up his skeptical notions, and read the Bible more than formerly. She has since returned to her home,—probably to be an invalid for life,—her disease having baffled medical skill. But though disappointed in not having obtained the relief she sought, she blesses God for spiritual healing, and has gone back with the feeling that she has a work to do for Jesus, and that, by bearing patiently whatever her Heavenly Father lays upon her, she may honor him, and prove to those around her the reality of religion and the power of the grace of God.



An Aged Man Saved.

When exploring in my district one afternoon, I found in the rear of some tenement houses an English family, consisting of father, mother and an invalid daughter. The mother was never able to attend religious meetings, as the helplessness of her daughter kept her constantly at home. I made frequent visits, for they were pleased to have me come often and read the Bible to them. It was not long before the mother was seeking to know him who is "the way, the truth and the life." I gave her a large-print Bible, which she prized very highly. Reading it gave her great joy and comfort, and she soon gave evidence that the peace which flows from a consciousness of sins forgiven was her rich possession.

It was a long time before I met the husband to have any conversation with him, he being at work through the day, and spending his evenings where liquors were sold, in which he indulged very freely for years. Returning to his home one cold winter night, he fell, hurting himself severely. I thought this would be my opportunity to see him, and called at his house. He was badly bruised, and was evidently ashamed to be seen in such a condition. I asked him how old he was; he said "Seventy."

"If you could live your life over again do you think you would wish to spend it as you have this?" I asked.

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He very decidedly answered, "No; I shouldn't drink any more rum."

After a few words of advice and encouragement, and commending the aged man to Him who will in nowise cast out one that cometh to him, I left, asking him, as soon as able, to come to our weekly prayer meeting. To my surprise, he was present at the first meeting that was held after our interview. He became from this time a constant attendant, entered the Bible class held Sunday noon, soon asked to be prayed for, and it was not long before his teacher and myself had reason to believe he was a converted man.

One day when I was calling at the house his wife said, "I don't have any good of the Bible you gave me, for my husband has it every moment he is at home." I told her I would gladly give her another, and did so.

On a subsequent visit she said to me: "Oh, he is so kind! He brought me a pear to-day, and called me dear. It is many a year since he has been like that."

After a few years they went to the country to spend their remaining days with a married daughter. I kept in communication with them till they died, when, I believe, they entered into that inheritance that awaits the children of God.



Mercy at the Eleventh Hour.

As I entered the room of Mr. U., I saw that consumption was doing its sad and sure work of death. He was much emaciated, and could only speak in a whisper. The appearance of his family, consisting of his wife and two little girls, indicated that they had seen better days; but in consequence of the long illness of the father, they had become wholly dependent upon charity for support. Sad indeed was his outward condition, but the question of greatest moment at once arose to my mind, "Is his soul safe?" On conversing with him and his wife, I learned that neither of them professed to be Christians, nor had they given any attention to their spiritual interests. They had neglected the house of God for many years. Mrs. U. said her husband had not attended on account of his cough, and she did not like to go alone. In the course of our conversation I spoke of the Bible, when Mrs. U. remarked, "I am ashamed to tell you we have not owned a Bible since we were married." And this, too, though they were Americans, and had been married thirteen years. The next time I called I carried them a Bible, and she promised to read it herself, and also to read it to her husband. He failed rapidly, and sometimes when I called he would be lying in a stupor—too weak to talk, too weak to listen. But I felt that his soul was in peril, and

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I must improve every favorable opportunity to point him to Jesus, that he might, even at the eleventh hour, look and be saved. Other Christian hearts became interested in his behalf, and labored faithfully with him. He was led to pray for himself.

He said to me one day, "I don't pray as much as I ought, but Jesus knows how weak I am."

A few days before he died he expressed the hope that his sins had been pardoned, and that he was at peace with God. I was with him a few hours before he breathed his last, and in reply to my questions, he said: "I am leaning on Jesus. I am willing to go. I can trust all with the Saviour."

Since his death Mrs. U. seems to feel her need of a personal interest in Christ. She now attends church, and the children have become members of the Sunday school.



"You Saved Me."

It is about three years since I became interested in Mrs. S., she being a regular attendant upon a neighborhood meeting held in the house where she boarded. She was of a shy, shrinking nature, not easily approached; and though I sought many times to have a private interview with her, that I might converse personally upon the subject of religion, months elapsed before I was able to

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do so. But one evening at the close of a meeting, nearly all having left the room, seeing her standing alone, I was prompted to improve that opportunity. A few moments' conversation revealed the fact that the Holy Spirit was showing to her the need of a Saviour.

Alluding to that evening afterwards, she said to me : " I never passed such a night in my life. I retired, but not to sleep. I never felt myself a sinner till then. My sins rose up before me like a mountain. I saw I could do nothing for myself, but must look to Jesus ; and looking, he forgave me, and I was at peace."

The health of Mrs. S. had always been delicate, still she was able to perform household duties, and attend meetings at the chapel. A few months after she had indulged the hope that her sins were forgiven she was very unexpectedly seized with a hemorrhage from the lungs ; another soon followed, and in one month she had five serious attacks. It seemed to us that her end was near.

" If it is God's will to take me, I am willing to go ; I have no fear ; I am resting in him," she repeatedly said ; " but I would like to live to do something for him who has saved me by his grace."

Her life was prolonged for nearly a year, during which time she gave abundant evidence of the grace of God in her heart, and proved to those who had known her former life that there was indeed a reality in religion.

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She seemed to love to refer back to the evening when I first spoke to her.

One day she said to me: "I used to go to the meetings because they were in the house; and I knew what was said was all good, but I never thought of applying it to myself until the night you talked with me. I feel that you saved me."

During the last few weeks of her life she had an earnest longing to depart, and calmly gave directions concerning her apparel for the grave, that she might "save others trouble," as she said. I shall never forget the look of disappointment pictured on her face as she told me one day, "The doctor thinks I may rally and get about the room again." Still she would always say, "God knows what is best." On the second day of August she fell asleep in Jesus.

"Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be."



A Touching Incident.

One of my saddest experiences connected with missionary work occurred during the past month. On Sabbath morning, the twenty-sixth of May, there arrived in Boston an English family, consisting of father, mother and two children, of five and two years of age. The mother was completely prostrated from having been seasick the entire

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fourteen days of their passage, and, having taken a severe cold, was also alarmingly ill from an inflammation of the lungs. They had no relatives or friends here, and knew not where to go; but a kind Providence directed their way, and they found a temporary home with one of the Christian families of my district.

I first learned of their arrival on Tuesday noon, when word was sent requesting me to visit them. I did so immediately, and found the mother sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, as a difficulty in breathing admitted of no other position. The family proved to be one of culture and refinement, far superior in many respects to most that I am called to visit. Her situation was indeed a critical one. She could articulate only a few words at a time; but as I asked, "Do you feel in your great weakness that you can look to the Lord, and rest wholly in him?" she replied, "I am trusting in him," with a smile so illuminating her face as she said it, I could not doubt she was indeed a Christian. Having stayed with her through the afternoon, I left her at night apparently comfortable; the physician had been in, and thought there was reason for encouragement. At six o'clock the next morning a messenger was sent to me with the word, "Mrs. L. is dying, and they desire you to come immediately." I hastened at once to her bedside. Such perfect resignation to the will of God, amid circumstances so distressing, I have never witnessed. Not a murmur es-

caped her lips. She never expressed regret at having left her home, but rather uttered thanksgiving that her lot had been cast among Christian friends in this trying hour; and we felt that, though a stranger and a foreigner, she was of our kindred in Christ, and it was a privilege to minister unto her.

She sought to comfort her husband, who stood by her bedside, overwhelmed with grief, and said, "These friends will look after the children for a few days till you can see what you can do;" and appealed to us to know if it should not be so. Having assured her that we would take care of them, her heart went out for her parents, whom she had left in England; and she requested her husband to write them at once, while she was still living, that they might be prepared for the news of her death.

During all this time she was suffering intensely, the inflammation having reached her throat.

"Do you think I shall die easy?" she asked.

I could only reply, "I hope you may, if it is the Lord's will."

As hour followed hour she would ask the time, and how much longer I thought she would linger. I repeated the words,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

which seemed to comfort her. As I stood beside her, and watched her life ebbing away, her countenance

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serene and peaceful, I thought, surely the promise of God—"When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee"—is being verified. She lingered until four o'clock in the afternoon, then quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Christian hands and hearts performed the last kind offices for her; and on Friday morning, the thirty-first of May, less than a week after her arrival in this country, we deposited the precious remains of this young mother of twenty-eight years, with her infant—one day old—in the coffin by her side, in "God's acre," there to lie till the great harvest day.



Pleasant Memories.

Among the pleasant memories of the past few years are my interviews with Miss T. Totally blind from early childhood, in feeble health, entirely dependent upon her own exertions for support, at one time eighteen cents a week being her total allowance for food after paying her rent, she was ever unmurmuring and cheerful. A friend said to her one day, "If you get into a tight place, just let me know."

Mentioning the fact to me, she said: "I never did such a thing in my life; it would look like distrusting God; for hasn't he said, 'Your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of all these things'? He always has provided, and I haven't a fear but he always will."

A little more than a year ago symptoms of an incurable disease made their appearance, and the hearts of all that knew her were made sad, for we knew that she must endure great suffering.

"How long do you think I shall live?" she asked one night of a friend who was trying to relieve her pain.

"Perhaps a year," was the reply. "How would you like to go to-night?"

"Oh, I would go singing hallelujahs!" she answered; then added: "But I do not wish to go to get rid of suffering. I have only two thoughts about it; one is, 'Not my will;' the other, 'Father, glorify thyself.'"

While calling on her one day, though suffering intensely, she recited a choice scrap of poetry that she thought might be used by me as a comfort to others in sickness.

"I have so little while to stay here," said she, "I want to say all the encouraging things I can."

Her disease made such rapid progress that the end came much sooner than was anticipated; but her great suffering reconciled us to the separation, though it seemed to us if she could have been spared in health the world would have been better for her living in it, as all were profited who came in contact with her. As the end drew near she was unconscious for several days, as it was necessary to administer opiates on account of her intense agony; but when the last moment came, and it was evident the soul

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was taking its flight, her countenance became remarkably radiant, assuming an expression of surprise and joy which never faded from it; and those who looked upon her felt she was blind no longer. I love to think of her as one more added to that little company who have gone from the humble homes of my district, and are now

“At home with Jesus! him who went before,
For his own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longing stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
'So shall we be forever with the Lord.' ”



The Gospel of John Good Medicine for the Sick.

It was about the middle of December that I called for the first time on Emma S. She, with a sister two years older, occupied a small room in the third story of a lodging house. They were orphans, having lost both parents at an early age. Emma, from a child, had been in very delicate health, and the constant application to sewing, which she was compelled to give in order to obtain a livelihood, proved too much for her feeble constitution; and at last, on going to her accustomed employment one morning, she sunk beneath the burden, and was carried to her home very ill. She rapidly grew worse, and it was soon evident that consumption had set its fatal seal upon

her. She had been sick about five months when I first visited her, at the request of a Christian merchant, to whom her case had been made known as one deserving sympathy and pecuniary aid. Her physician had told her that she would not recover, and when I expressed to her the hope that she knew what it was to rely on the Saviour, and to have the comfort of his presence in this her hour of weakness and need, she replied, "No; I haven't thought much about it." As I tried to point her to Jesus her tears flowed freely. She thanked me for calling, and invited me to come again, and I went home to pray that God would make me the humble instrument of leading this soul to him. It was my privilege often to see her. She was a very interesting and affectionate girl, and we soon became strongly attached to each other. One day I carried her the Gospel of St. John, as she was not strong enough to hold a larger volume in her hand, and requested her to read a chapter every day. This she promised to do. The gracious influences of the Holy Spirit accompanied the Word, and my heart was soon gladdened by knowing that the light literature to which she had hitherto resorted had become distasteful to her. The growing interest with which she read the Bible was very apparent. Though it was not permitted her to have so marked an experience as many, I believe she was enabled to rely on the simple word of Jesus, and found peace in believing. Often as I called upon her I found her restless and dis-

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tressed, but after reading to her some of the precious promises of our Saviour she would be soothed, and lie quiet as a child. In all my missionary experience I never saw one so comforted by reading the Scriptures and prayer. The day before she died she suffered intensely, being much distressed for breath.

As I sat by her bedside, I said, "Are you too tired to have me read a few verses?"

Her face lighted up at once, as she replied, "O, no; I wish you would."

I read the closing verses of the seventh chapter of Revelation, and a few hours later she bade adieu to earth, and joined, I doubt not, the great multitude "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

